consequence

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Summary

Hannibal prided himself on not holding grudges. He was a man of practicalities and reason; emotions tended to muddy the waters of such things when taken too seriously. Compassion was dangerous when lives were at stake, and while Hannibal was hardly cruel, he very deliberately compartmentalized his life.

Work was separate from his social niceties, acquaintances rarely met friends, and Will Graham was not meant to be in his office.

Notes

Whiskey: For a prompt in the kinkmeme - Will Graham is the Sheriff's son and fucks Hannibal in his cruiser. They get caught.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Hannibal prided himself on not holding grudges. He was a man of practicalities and reason; emotions tended to muddy the waters of such things when taken too seriously. Compassion was dangerous when lives were at stake, and while Hannibal was hardly cruel he very deliberately compartmentalized his life.

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“I don’t believe you have an appointment, Mr. Graham.”

“I’m not here for therapy.”

“Then I’m all the more curious as to why you *are* here,” Hannibal replied, closing the door quietly. He would have to have another talk with his secretary about letting people into his office when he himself wasn’t in it to greet them. Though to give him credit, the younger Graham had done little more than linger five steps in, eyes up to the mezzanine, hands in his pockets.

He looked a lot like his father, except for his eyes.

Will Graham had extraordinary eyes.

To be fair, there was little about the boy that wasn’t pleasing, even if it was purely in an aesthetic sense. Despite the unfortunate resemblance to his father, he had clearly inherited his mother’s wilder, darker hair, her near-dainty stature - though there was no reason to think he would not fill out and grow in time - and those eyes. Lovely, a mesh of blues and greens that Hannibal would have dedicated hours to perfecting if they belonged to any other person.

As though reading his thoughts, Will gifted Hannibal a flash of those wide, bright eyes of his, and a smile that slanted sharply up at the corner, dimpling his cheeks.

“What if I told you I didn’t know?” Will replied. Hannibal kept his expression flat, but internally, Will’s attempt at deflection amused him. Will took another step into Hannibal’s office, as though waiting for him to pounce and throw Will out. His hip found the corner of Hannibal’s patient chair, one ankle folding across the other, head tilted up and at an angle so he could watch Hannibal in his periphery and still pretend to take in the room.

“I’d say you were a liar, or repressing something,” Hannibal replied mildly, stepping into the room with him. He took off his coat and hung it on the coat tree by the door, and then his scarf. He smoothed a hand down the buttoned front of his suit jacket and gave Will a smile. “No one wanders into a therapist’s office by accident.”

Will’s teeth showed for just a moment as he smiled, and then he looked away, head ducked and eyes up, keeping both the room and Hannibal in his line of sight. “Not by accident,” he agreed. For a moment, neither moved; Hannibal used to keeping this space neutral rather than

staking territorial claim, and Will still young and Southern-raised enough to defer. But it was Will, in the end, who pushed off from the chair he'd been leaning on to make his way to Hannibal's desk instead.

Elegant fingers spread and ghosted over the papers there, just barely touching the fountain pen laid alongside a closed leatherbound journal. Will circumvented the heavy wood until he reached the chair and didn't hesitate a moment before taking a seat there as though it was his to take.

"You were telling me last time, about the importance of teenage rebellion," Will reminded him, bringing a hand to his mouth as he grinned, one foot to the ground to turn the chair back and forth as the other curled behind his knee.

"I was explaining the relevance and necessity for young adults to seek their own way in the world," Hannibal corrected him, the corners of his eyes warm with a spider web of wrinkles. "I don't believe I ever encouraged such rebellion."

Will arched a brow, and let out a hum that was only half-muffled behind the flat of his fingers. His hand was not large enough to completely hide his smile. "Of course not," he said, words over-proper in that way he did, Hannibal had noticed, when he was trying not to laugh. What elders took as respect was Will desperately trying not to show how hilarious he found them.

Will's hand dropped, and he tapped the tips of his fingers against the desk, meeting Hannibal's gaze levelly; the look of a wolf cub who didn't know better, to be afraid. "Rebellion isn't accidental," he said.

Hannibal gave a single nod. "No," he agreed, and approached his desk on near-silent feet. Will's head tilted up for each step, refusing to cower, to back down. His defiance, a result of both youthful arrogance and the unfortunate affliction of being smarter than almost everyone around him, was something that always delighted Hannibal to no end. Even the most stubborn and rebellious children could be tamed with the right hand.

He came to the edge of the other side of his desk, leaned down and braced his hands on it. Will's eyes dropped to them, he pressed his lips together, sucking in a breath.

"What would your father say," he began quietly, earning Will's eyes again, "if he found out you had come to visit me today?"

"He'd have you arrested," Will replied, smile bright. His body was tensed to move, poised to get up at the barest hint that he should and he hung on that precipice with a smile.

"Would he?" Hannibal asked, amused, as he leaned in just a little nearer. "I suppose your father would find any excuse."

"Statutory rape," Will pointed out, hand curling against his lips again so he was gently chewing at his knuckles instead. "Of his only son."

Hannibal hummed, as though considering the sound of such a thing in a public forum. Sheriff Graham had never been a fan of Hannibal's, though if the doctor truly thought about it, he could not come up with a reason as to why. He had never stood in the way of the man's campaigns for Sheriff, he had never had trouble with the law. Perhaps it was a case of a town not being big enough for two such egos.

"A flagrantly disobedient young man who uses his clever mind for seduction and sedition in equal measure," Hannibal offered in reply. "To corrupt the Sheriff's known rival into self-incrimination."

The young man shivered in delight at the sound of *that*. "Am I disobedient?"

"You're an untrained pup, Will Graham," Hannibal replied fondly, straightening up once more and bringing a hand up to work free a cufflink. Silver with an emerald in the middle today. "And far too clever for your own good."

Will's eyes flashed down to his sleeve as he detached the cufflink, setting it down on his desk. His lips parted, showing a slip of his tongue, the very edges of his teeth. Hannibal was no stranger to hunger, even could recall with perfect clarity the wild, gnawing feeling of an empty stomach in his youth, and still he wondered if he had ever looked quite so openly desperate.

"You like my cleverness," Will replied, his eyes wide and growing glassy as Hannibal unfastened the second cufflink, setting it beside its brother. His eyes rose, as Hannibal shed his suit jacket and placed it neatly folded on the desk, and began to roll up his sleeves.

Hannibal smiled, and gave an acquiescing nod. "There are many aspects of you I find delightful, Will," he replied calmly. Once his sleeves were rolled up to past his elbows, he circled the desk until he came to a stop in front of Will. Will swiveled in the chair, staring up at him with those wide, lovely eyes.

Hannibal reached down, cupping his face. His hand seemed so large against Will's body, no matter where he placed it. Another delightful aspect, one he relished, as well as the fact that Will was so pale that the bruises Hannibal left on him showed up in such a stark myriad of color.

Will's lashes fluttered, and he breathed out, pressed his lips together again as Hannibal traced his lower one with his thumb. "Will," he murmured, and Will's eyes opened and met his. "You're in my seat."

A blink, pupils widening incrementally, before the boy purred forth a laugh and closed his eyes again. He didn't move to get up, however, choosing instead to turn his face into the rough palm that held him, nuzzling against the callouses Hannibal had at the base of his fingers, parting his lips to tease his teeth over the side of the doctor's thumb.

"I know," he said. "Can't we share?"

"I have things to do." Hannibal told him mildly, moving his hand from Will's cheek up to his hair, wild curls silken beneath his palm, too wild to be tamed into a tail, too long to be kept

free. He curled his fingers, turned his wrist, and Will's chin lifted, lips parting, to reveal his throat.

"I can help?"

"You're a distraction."

"A welcome distraction." Will grinned.

Hannibal tugged his hair just enough to pull Will up into a half-crouch over the chair, both feet to the floor to keep his balance as he kept his eyes on Hannibal's. The first time the doctor had done this, Will had tried to wriggle free, petulant as a puppy being scruffed. Now he held the uncomfortable position until Hannibal made a sound in his throat and pulled Will nearer.

He shifted just enough to slide into his chair before letting the boy go. As he turned himself towards his desk, he found the path blocked by a knobby knee in torn jeans. Hannibal raised his eyes to the proud thing clinging to his desk, met the eyes that had grown stormy with need before pointedly dropping his gaze to the bulge in the boy's jeans.

"You don't have patients for two hours," Will whispered, bending his knee and setting the toe of his shoe to the seat cushion, ankle pressed to the arm of the chair.

"And I may not have patience for just as long," Hannibal countered, amused when the boy immediately bit his lip. Will's eyes raked him up and down, a pretty pink flush beginning to color his cheeks. He leaned in, a magnet in his chest compelling him forward, and his fingertips dragged daintily up through the hair on Hannal's bared forearm.

Hannibal was content to sit, perfectly still, as Will let his foot drop, replacing his toe with his knee, bared by the rip in his jeans. He wormed his other knee between Hannibal's, free hand bracing him on the open armrest. Not quite settling, not quite sitting; the half-crouch of a puppy being told to sit and stay before he got his treat.

"*Please*, Dr. Lecter?" he murmured. Hannibal gave him a cool look, brows rising, sitting back in his chair as Will tried to nudge their foreheads together. Still, his fingers twitched at his side, curling, the only giveaway he would allow, when Will gave him another wide, sweet smile. Beautiful, arrogant boy. "You haven't fucked me since my dad said I had to stop seeing you."

He nosed lightly at Hannibal's jaw, breath warm and sweet on his neck. His hair, always so wild, brushed Hannibal's nose and lips, giving him a teasing breath of Will's sweetness. The boy always smelled like the wilderness, pine furs and cinnamon and dewy grass.

Will's nose touched the arch of his ear, his hand sliding to Hannibal's bicep, squeezing. "Am I wrong in saying that maybe that is distraction itself? Something I can help with." He caved, then, straddling one of Hannibal's thighs, perched on him and trembling finely from the strain of such an awkward position. "Something I can...*ease*."

Awful boy. Perceptive and clever and far too proud. Hannibal had wanted him since before he even got a taste of that soft mouth against his own. He hadn't a preference for teenage boys, not often, and certainly not one that compromised his own sanity and safety. Too immature and flighty for his taste, not nearly worth the patience needed to tame them to proper obedience. But the Graham boy was delectable.

And he hated his father just as much as Hannibal claimed he didn't.

He trailed his knuckles up Will's side, enough to tease the fabric of his shirt but not touch him properly. Will made an impatient sound in his lap and Hannibal pressed the toe of his shoe to the floor to lift his thigh up for Will to rub against.

"I've never fucked you, callous boy," Hannibal reminded him. "Have you been imagining filthy things, Will?"

"Just your cock," Will responded, pleased. He rocked down against the offered thigh with devious pleasure, his knee nudging gently between Hannibal's own legs as he did. "So big I need two hands to hold it."

Hannibal hummed, considering the needy thing in his lap. He truly didn't have appointments for hours yet, and there really was a thrill in corrupting such a willing thing. Hannibal spread a wide palm over the boy's hip and held him still, tilting his head up to look at Will a moment.

"You've quite the imagination."

"You're welcome to borrow it sometime."

"I think I'd rather borrow your mouth for now," Hannibal replied, relishing the full-body shiver that ran through Will at the words. "Put it to use so it's not tempted to distract me."

Will's lips parted again, like they were already waiting to be filled. The space between them called to Hannibal, the slip of Will's tongue as he licked his lower lip was a delicious, taunting test of his own inner control.

Will smiled, lashes going low, and slid the hand on the armrest inward. Danced fingers across Hannibal's creased shirt, to the center where the line of buttons rested. Down, a feather-light slither of warmth and teasing pressure, until he found, past waistband and button and zipper, the bulge of Hannibal's cock, already half-hard from the scent and sight of Will grinding with such eagerness in his lap.

Will's mouth twitched, just a small tic at the corner, betraying how much he liked touching it, even through the many layers still separating them. The boy had a fascination for anatomy, it was what had brought him wandering, wide-eyed and curious, into Hannibal's former career in the first place, but his interest with Hannibal's body bordered on obsessive.

Normally Hannibal was content to allow Will his exploration, to measure the distance between the veins in the backs of his hands, to press and test the firmness of muscle, the

angle of his fingers when they wrapped around the boy's throat, but Will was right; Hannibal hadn't seen him in far, far too long. And his patience was running thin.

"Will." Immediate attention, sharp and focused. Hannibal had to resist the urge to lick his lips. "Down."

Will didn't scramble to obey, but it was a close thing. Impatient and eager, he settled on his knees between Hannibal's own and brought both hands up to work free his belt and button and fly to get to the warm, thin fabric covering Hannibal's cock. Last time, Hannibal hadn't let Will suck. He had taken him into his own mouth instead, the boy leaning back against his desk, knuckles white over the wood as he whimpered and gasped out his pleasure.

He'd come quickly and tasted extraordinary. Hannibal was fairly certain that no one else had ever done that to his boy, that that experience would cement itself into the foundation of many of Will Graham's fantasies thereafter.

He'd let Will touch, however. Let him bring his small hands up to stroke and explore, breath catching any time Hannibal responded to him. In the end, Hannibal had stroked himself to completion, Will watching with wide eyes filled with awe before he'd leaned in to taste, sucking Hannibal's knuckle between his sinful lips and pulling back with a small laugh of delight.

Now, Will touched Hannibal through his underwear before easing it down to reveal Hannibal properly. He swallowed, the sound thick and heavy, and cast his eyes up for one final nod of permission. Will's hands were inexperienced but far from unpracticed. He tried to adjust to Hannibal's size, to his girth and to touching someone at an angle Will had never touched before. But his mouth….

His mouth was heaven.

Delicate, rosebud-pink lips parted around Hannibal's cockhead, Will's mouth angled so he could slip the head into the innards of his cheek, making it bulge. He was careful with his teeth, he knew better, and Hannibal breathed out heavily, pushing his thumb against Will's other cheek to feel how far his jaw had to stretch to accommodate Hannibal's cock.

Will's fingers wrapped around him, petting down the shaft, teasing pressure at the thick vein and the slight bulge just below Hannibal's cockhead where he was particularly sensitive. He squeezed, pinky to forefinger, like running a piano scale, and Hannibal huffed, tipping his head back and letting his eyes fall to half-mast as he enjoyed the sensations.

Will took this as encouragement, a soft, gasping moan stuck and clogged up by Hannibal's cock as he lifted higher on his knees and corrected the angle of his head, allowing his jaw to fall lax and loose, his free hand spreading wide on Hannibal's thigh as he took him down an inch further. His bottom teeth scraped Hannibal's shaft and he let out a soft, warning growl.

"Careful, my dear boy," he murmured, and gripped Will by his hair where it grew thickest, at the top of his head, and pulled him so his forehead was closer to Hannibal's stomach, his tongue laving thick and wet over Hannibal's cockhead. "There we go. That's much better."

Will's cheeks had already begun to darken, stifled oxygen flow and exertion coloring them to the inner cut of raw meat. Hannibal couldn't see his eyes, even when he pushed Will's hair out of the way and wrapped it around his fingers. They were closed, lashes beaded with reflexive tears, and Will hadn't even taken him in all that deep. Hannibal's cockhead still barely breached the furthermost stretch of Will's palette, had yet to trigger his gag reflex and test the vice of his spasming throat.

He sucked in another breath, slow, measured. Puppies got over excited if you riled them up too fast. "Relax, Will," he coaxed, rubbing gently at the underside of Will's soft, smooth jaw. Angular, with just a hint of puppy fat that had preceded his next growth spurt. He hadn't had one for a while. "Nice and easy. That's it. Good boy."

He felt immediately when he'd pushed to a point Will hadn't yet explored. His throat tensed, his mouth closed down, his breath hitched, and Will tried to shove backwards to get away from the discomfort. Hannibal held him still, groaned when the whine Will released did little to earn mercy, but felt incredible against his skin.

"Swallow," he commanded, holding Will just where he wanted him, not pushing deeper until he got himself under control. And he would, if he wanted more from Hannibal. He would learn what needed to be taught before he got the reward he'd been aching for. "Breathe through your nose and relax."

Will made another helpless noise of displeasure and shoved the heels of his hands against the chair, the struggle futile but amusing to Hannibal, until the boy finally settled. He swallowed. He breathed. And soon his tongue returned to drawing rough over the underside of Hannibal's cock, his breaths panting hot and quick over the rest of Hannibal the boy couldn't yet take.

"That's it, clever boy," Hannibal praised, fingers relaxing in Will's curls to pet them, rather than grip them. "The quicker you learn, the more of me you'll get."

Will's cheeks hollowed as he sucked, sealing his lips around just the tip and using his fingers to spread the slick of his saliva down Hannibal's shaft, stroking slow, but tight. Wonderful, really, especially when combined with Will's furtive licks, gentle sucking kisses placed along his cockhead and down his shaft, before Will took him back into his mouth again.

Will was panting, unused to and inexperienced at regulating his breathing with so much in his mouth, so Hannibal had pity on him, stopping him with a gentle touch to his jaw, and curling his fingers beneath, so he could lift Will off of his cock.

Hannibal smiled at him, pleased and amused at the annoyed glint in Will's eye, though no words escaped his bruised, swollen lips, his wet mouth. He had the look of a hungry animal about him, and his grip on Hannibal's thighs was tight.

"Focus on rhythm," Hannibal told him, framing Will's face with his hands and guiding him back down to swallow down the first few inches of Hannibal's cock. "You remember what you've learned, don't you, Will?"

Will let out a little helpless moan. Of course he did. Hannibal had taught him in person; every sensitive nerve on a body, how each piece of it connected and which part of the brain it lit up. Will had already been given a roadmap, at least with a general idea. He just had to figure out how to apply it, graduating from theory to practice.

The rhythm was better, this time, though still uneven and stuttered. Will's hands spread and explored, curling over Hannibal's balls, scraping dull nails against his stomach. Will returned to what he'd done best, this first time. He slid back Hannibal's foreskin to torment the head with soft lips and flicking tongue. He moaned around him, a sound far too obscene to be genuine but that sent pleasant goosebumps over Hannibal's form.

One day he would have this boy spread for him. Would devour every inch of him and pull orgasms from him until Will wept with it. One day.

Today he would seek his pleasure in the boy's glorious mouth and kiss the taste of himself from it. An idea tickled the edge of his mouth to a smile and Hannibal ducked his head to look at the boy between his legs.

"Touch yourself," he said, watching Will still for a moment, before spreading his knees wider and dropping a hand between them. "Insatiable thing," he sighed. "I'd cage you if you were my own, make your pleasures earned, not guaranteed. Teach you proper patience and manners befitting of a boy of mine."

Will moaned, low and pleased, and sucked Hannibal deeper for a moment.

"That way, when I do fuck you," Hannibal bit the inside of his lip, heat coiling in his belly, muscles tensing in his thighs. "You'll have properly earned it."

Will pulled back with a whine, fumbling with his jeans to work them open just enough to shove his hands into them, squeezing hard against himself as he panted cool breaths over Hannibal's cock thick and red before him.

"You're not finished," Hannibal said, raising a brow when Will looked up with an expression of childish need. "And you won't, until I do. Sit up."

Will practically threw himself at Hannibal's cock, one hand already slick with his own precum wrapping around the shaft as he licked and sucked hungrily at the head. His desperation was delicious, the scent of him, sweaty and needy and sweet, was adding barbs to the arousal in Hannibal's belly, making it tense further. He spread his knees out a fraction wider, and slid a hand into Will's hair.

"Do you want to taste me, sweet boy?" he rasped, words barely more than a growl. "Or should I finish on your face and send you home to your father like that?"

Will choked, a muffled, high-pitched whine making his throat flutter around Hannibal's cock. Hannibal's nostrils flared, smelling as Will finished, a dark stain growing behind his jeans and underwear. Hannibal growled, gripped Will's hair tightly, and pulled him down until the hard back of Will's throat stopped him. He wasn't all the way in, but it was enough; the tight, hot clench of Will's shocked and spasming throat milked him as he came, Will's neck limp

enough to move his head like a toy, working him in slow, even little motions until Will's eyes brimmed and spilled new tears, until his mouth went slack and a thick line of drool and whitish come dripped down Hannibal's shaft.

Hannibal let Will pull up, but didn't release him. He directed Will to licking up the mess on his cock and Will did so eagerly, panting, kittenish licks placed to Hannibal's sensitive flesh as he began to soften. Will's tongue was delicate and gentle, thorough, of course. Hannibal imagined he could easily make quite the glutton out of his boy.

When Will was done, and Hannibal was clean, he eased his cock back into his underwear and corrected his clothes, releasing Will's hair. Will's forehead fell to his knee, his warm breaths puffing, ragged and uneven, as he tried to catch his breath.

Hannibal sat up, bent over him, and put his nose to Will's hair, drawing in a deep lungful of the boy's scent - still so sweet, so wild. Will lifted his head and his forehead touched Hannibal's jaw, eyes wide and still black with lingering arousal.

Will's gaze dropped to his lap, as he pulled out his free hand, sticky and coated. Hannibal smiled, and took Will's wrist, drawing his fingers close so he could steal a taste. Will's lips twitched into a wide, sated smile.

Hannibal sucked him clean, and then caught Will's chin to bring him nearer and kiss him, their tastes mingling between them, tongues lazy and seeking. When Hannibal pulled back, Will shoved closer to kiss him again, catching the corner of his mouth as Hannibal smiled.

"Best you be getting home, Will," he told him. The boy snorted.

"No, I don't think so."

"I do," Hannibal's smile widened. "Just as you are, in fact. You walked here, I assume?"

Will frowned, blush bright under his eyes, showing the faintest hint of freckles there that came out clear in summer, and faded in fall.

"I caught the bus."

"The next should be in..." Hannibal made a show of checking his watch, knuckles grazing Will's cheek even as the boy fussed in front of him; "Twenty minutes."

"Hannibal -." Two fingers against Will's lips to silence him only drew his devious tongue between them in a teasing lick. Hannibal's eyes narrowed.

"Be sure to leave your number with my secretary," he added, "so I can be in touch about your next appointment."

Will arched a brow, head tilted. "That's not very discreet, Dr. Lecter," he mused, another mischievous smile twisting his lips. "People talk in a town like this."

Hannibal hummed. Yes, they certainly did.

“What if…” Will stood up and stepped forward again, pressed knee to knee, fingers trailing light down Hannibal’s arm, from Will’s own chin down to the elbow. “What if I met you somewhere, instead? Somewhere with more…” His eyes flashed to the desk, then to Hannibal, “Surface area.”

The lingering fissure of heat that was Hannibal’s arousal rolled, at that, and a growl rumbled in his chest. “Did you have somewhere in mind?” he asked, more curious than anything else. Will was one of those boys who disappeared in the afternoons and as long as he showed up by curfew, his father didn’t ask too many questions.

Foolish, or perhaps too trusting. If Will were Hannibal’s boy, he would never let him out of his sight. With eyes like that, who knows what kind of trouble a delicious young thing like him could get into?

“There’s a construction site by the bridge,” Will said. “Walkable distance from my house. Not visible from the main road. Abandoned at night.” He smiled, and ran his fingers up Hannibal’s arm again, tapped at his pulse. Hannibal was far too old to be sneaking around like a teenager, finding any spot where he could have a secret rendezvous, but the idea of having Will out in the open like that, where anyone could happen upon them…

Intriguing. Arrogant little thing.

“The water’s loud enough to cover up noises, too.”

Hannibal’s brows rose.

“What do you say?”

His lips pursed, considering. He supposed if Will was already going to be there, Hannibal could pick him up in his car and drive them somewhere more suitable. So he smiled, and inclined his head in a single nod, and Will grinned back at him, and released his arm.

“I’ll see you there, Dr. Lecter,” he purred. “Don’t keep me waiting long.”

Hannibal was very accommodating with his hours. Most of his clients were working professionals, many of whom had hours similar to Hannibal's own during the day. He often found himself staying in the office into late evening some days, always gracious when the last patient of the day remarked on his dedication.

Dedication came with perks.

Months of building trust and no set routine allowed for Hannibal to come and go without suspicion from anyone. Leaving his office at five o'clock was as normal as leaving it after

ten, and he would often allow his secretary to go home at a decent hour, taking upon himself the duty of greeting his own clients.

He didn't answer the phones.

His Bentley purred beneath him, eating up the road mile by mile as Hannibal sought the place Will had spoken of. It was just getting to early fall, and the nights were balmy, but Hannibal still felt himself twist in distaste at the idea of finally claiming his boy amidst rubble and dust.

He would have to be convincing in luring the boy out, then.

He parked up around a low wall, so the car would not be seen from the road, and turned off the lights before stepping out. Will had been right; the water's proximity gave a comfortable white noise barrier between those within and those without, but it also made it harder for Hannibal to seek his boy by sound alone.

It turned out he needn't have worried; Will found him first.

Loose arms around his shoulders and scruffy Doc Martens bent at the toes to bring them as close to face to face as they could be, Will kissed him with a hum.

"Thought you were going to stand me up."

“Never,” Hannibal murmured, wrapping an arm around Will’s skinny waist, holding him close. Despite the humidity and the relatively warm night, Will was noticeably underdressed, and shivered in Hannibal’s arms. He had clearly chosen his outfit with the intention of seduction; his t-shirt was worn thin and clung far too tightly to his skinny shoulders and tapered waist to be of any kind of barrier against the cold. Those same ripped jeans were too damaged to keep the heat of Will’s body in, and as Hannibal pet down his arm, he felt goose bumps and risen hairs graze his palm.

He smiled. “Aren’t you cold?” he murmured.

“Yeah,” Will admitted, as if he could hide the way he shivered and obviously sought Hannibal out for warmth. “But you can warm me up, right?” He grinned up at Hannibal. The moon shone down on them, the paleness of Will’s face glowing, his eyes bright and colored an icy grey. He slid his chilly fingers beneath Hannibal’s jacket, gripping the back of his shirt. “You wanna warm me up, Dr. Lecter?”

“Perhaps you would be more comfortable in the car,” Hannibal suggested.

Will’s brow creased, and he pressed his lips together. “I thought -.”

“Rest assured, my dear boy, I didn’t come here with the intention of ferrying you straight home.” Will still looked unsure, his youth only so apparent when robbed of his sea legs, stuttering in place like a baby deer hearing buckshot for the first time. Hannibal cupped his face, and leaned down to graze their lips together in the teasing promise of a kiss.

“It’s warm in there,” he coaxed, sliding his hands down Will’s skinny arms again. “And comfortable.” Will swallowed, head tilted up, seeking another kiss, but Hannibal did not let their lips meet again. He took Will’s wrists and smiled at him. “I promise you’ll prefer it.”

Will wet his lips, but nodded, allowing Hannibal to lead him to the car. So trusting, so sweet - if Hannibal were any other kind of predator he would be in serious trouble. Hannibal opened the back passenger door for him, and Will’s brow arched.

“What a gentleman,” he murmured, and slid into the car, sighing immediately as he was enveloped in the lingering heat. Hannibal slid in beside him, and closed the door behind them. Will shivered, rubbing his hands up and down his arms, over his thighs, trying to warm up, and Hannibal watched him do it, admiring the pretty flush starting on Will’s cheeks, the curl of his hair as it fluffed up in the humid air, the pretty brightness of his eyes that was not at all affected by the darkness in the vehicle.

Sufficiently warmed, Will’s smile snaked free, twitching with nerves and trying to remain aloof with bravado. In truth Hannibal hardly needed this much effort from the boy; he had long wanted him. And now, watching the young thing fret and shift, trying to appear older, more worthy of attention, Hannibal knew without a doubt that he would have him. He reached out to cup the back of Will’s head, his other hand resting on his bare knee, still cold from outside.

Will made a soft sound, an airless little laugh that Hannibal immediately swallowed when he kissed him. It was enough to melt Will’s tension entirely from his form, enough for small hands to seek over Hannibal’s, his body turning into him as their lips pressed together. Will’s knee bent as he shifted against the seat, and Hannibal moved his palm to his other thigh, coaxing Will nearer until the boy very nearly scrambled into his lap, straddling Hannibal where he sat. He pulled back with a sigh, a grin, and then set his hands on either side of Hannibal’s face and kissed him again, pressing his body close with a lazy roll of his spine, from hips to chest.

Oh, he was a *temptation*. Still so slight, almost frail as he perched in Hannibal’s lap, spreading his thighs to sit nearer, dropping a hand to seek over Hannibal’s chest through his shirt. He allowed the boy to explore, opening his mouth to Will’s probing tongue, drawing wide hands over the boy’s back, gathering the pathetic excuse for a shirt beneath his fingers and tugging it off over his head when Will broke the kiss with a moan.

“Beautiful boy,” Hannibal praised him, keeping one hand at Will’s hip as the other caught against the back of his neck, tilting his head back so Hannibal could kiss under his jaw, over his stuttering pulse. He could feel Will’s cock already hard between his legs as he wriggled nearer, smiled when Will finally took the initiative to work free Hannibal’s tie and start in on the buttons of his shirt. He rewarded the boy by ducking his head to take a nipple between his lips to suck, catching Will with a hand between his shoulders when he gasped and tried to squirm away from the familiar, tickling sensation.

“Fuck, oh fuck,” Will laughed, pressing a hand to his mouth as though to hold the sounds back before giving up on the idea and dropping it to Hannibal’s hair instead, scratching gently at his scalp as Hannibal introduced teeth and *tugged*.

Will clung to him, other hand flying out to grip at the edge of the backseat, his knees spreading wide so that he could lower himself and grind helplessly against Hannibal's lap, his stomach, wherever he could get friction. The heat of the car was growing stifling, the windows edged with fog, but Hannibal was determined to take his time. He could not give Will a bed, a nice dinner, something classic that befitted such a bright, lovely thing, but he could certainly afford Will some patience.

He parted from Will's nipple with a broad-tongued lick, holding the boy steady and letting him grind to his heart's content as he moved to the other, free hand continuing to pet over the wet little bud while he soaked the other. Will gasped, flat and pale stomach giving little telltale clenches around his heavy breathing, as Hannibal teased his nipples, and his hand moved from Will's shoulder to his tailbone, spread out wide on his smooth, sweat-damp skin.

This territory was not entirely untraveled to him, but he had never been given such unlimited access to Will's body before, and was determined to enjoy himself. Will bowed his head, panting weakly against Hannibal's shoulder, a trembling, weak moan falling from him as his thighs tensed, pulling together, his hips slowing and becoming a little less coordinated.

Hannibal huffed. "You're so delightfully responsive, darling," he murmured, digging his teeth around Will's nipple and kneading a pink ring around it in the shape of his bite. Will whined, shoulders rolling up like a winged animal about to take flight. His fingers, in Hannibal's hair, flexed out wide and then curled up, going still. "I wonder if I could ever get you to a point, after you've enjoyed the full experience, where I wouldn't need to touch you at all. Just ghosts, promises, and that wonderful imagination of yours."

Will whined, a high and helpless noise, and rutted down once more as he came, hard and hot in his pants. He laugh was a shiver against Hannibal's cheek and he brought a hand to his face to press at the blush bleeding from beneath his eyes down to his cheeks.

"Wouldn't take much," he admitted quietly, as embarrassed as he was pleased with himself. Will had been like this from the start, when he had come into Hannibal's then-medical office to ask for advice on what to study and where to seek internships when he was old enough to try for them. And then his father had forbidden Will from speaking to Hannibal. In true, rebellious teenage tradition, it had made Will want him all the more.

And now… now this. This and so much more.

"You've already made a mess of me," Will added, amused, coy, that same tone he'd tried outside to get Hannibal interested, as though he weren't already.

"And I will again, I suspect. Tell me, Will, what have you imagined us doing?"

"Everything," Will breathed. Hannibal's brows lifted, and he gave Will a warm, encouraging smile. "I've - I've thought about you fucking me in your office, over that nice couch. Thought about leaving a stain on the chair your patients have to sit in."

Possessive. Indulgent. The idea of smelling Will on his office furniture was not an unpleasant one, though Hannibal knew it would drive him to utter distraction.

“What else?” he murmured, continuing to lightly pet Will’s nipple, other hand dipping closer to the waistband of his jeans. Will shivered, arching in readiness, and tilted his head back, panting to the ceiling.

“I’ve imagined you sneaking into my room at night,” he confessed, gasping as Hannibal dragged his fingers down, feather-light over Will’s smooth stomach. Below his navel, teasing at the baby-fine hairs just beginning to grow, laid like a treasure map to his cock. “Fucking me quick and dirty with a hand over my mouth so we don’t wake my dad.”

Hannibal’s lips twitched in an aborted snarl. Now *that* was an enticing thought.

Will’s fingers fluttered over Hannibal’s shoulder, dragging down to grip both of his biceps. He leaned in, their foreheads touching, his breaths calming as his orgasm abated, let him go from its teeth. Still, his eyes, black as they were, told Hannibal he was far from finished.

“I want you inside me, Dr. Lecter,” he breathed, biting his lower lip. His mouth was plush and reddened, just aching to be kissed. “Please.”

Please. Sweet thing.

Hannibal did so prize politeness.

He tugged the boy nearer and kissed him soundly, tasting the adrenaline and nerves that sung through Will’s entire body at being here, now, like this together. When Hannibal let him go, Will reached to hold onto him instead, spreading his hands over Hannibal’s chest, down through the hair there, tweaking a nipple with his thumb as he went.

Inexperienced, still, but hungry. Hannibal could appreciate hungry.

His own hands sought for Will’s jeans, working them free, snarling his teeth in pleasure when Will immediately pushed up on his knees for Hannibal to slide them and his underwear off to catch about his thighs. He didn’t reach to touch between Will’s legs right away, he let his palms rub soothingly over the pale untouched skin instead, feeling the incremental shivers that trembled through Will as he lowered himself to sit again.

Breathless and eager, Will met his eyes when he pulled back and smiled, something so innocent about the expression it tightened something in Hannibal’s chest. The boy was extraordinary in his ability to hide himself while staying in plain sight. If Hannibal were not a master of it himself he might have missed it. He kept his eyes on Will’s as his fingers walked teasingly up the insides of his thighs, gathering soft skin and flesh beneath them with a gentle squeeze. Higher and higher until he held Will spread just enough for a finger to skim over his hole.

Hannibal raised a brow. “Already prepared, Will?”

Despite his heavy blush, the smile Will gave him was far from embarassed. “I wanted to be ready,” he replied breathlessly, giving Hannibal a charming flash of his teeth. Hannibal brushed his fingers, testing, over Will’s hole again. He felt wetness, there, a cursory stretch

job at best, as Will's rim still felt incredibly tight, clutching at the very tip of his finger when he chanced a small push inside.

He knew his smile was far from comforting. Will made him feel impatient, hungry himself. A feast so willingly offered, a trembling, sweet juvenile animal that wandered so happily into the trap of his claws.

He pushed, with just the tip of one finger, and Will gasped, lashes fluttering and head tilted up as Hannibal penetrated him. He imagined it was the first time Will had had anything belonging to another person inside him, and Hannibal certainly wasn't small.

He gripped his chin and lowered Will's head until their eyes could meet again. "Look at me, dear boy," he commanded, and Will bit his lip and gave a frantic nod. "You're going to be good and watch me as I fill you."

"*Yes*." The word escaped Will like a punch, and Hannibal smiled. Will's fingers continued to pet heavy over Hannibal's chest, his breathing picking up as Hannibal sank his finger into the first knuckle. Will was tight, blister-hot on the inside, warmed by the car and Hannibal's own body heat. He clung to Hannibal like a vice, his body just as greedy and desperate as the rest of him.

Hannibal hummed, watching Will's lashes flutter, his lips part around another helpless little moan. His hips jerked, seeking more fullness, and, well, Hannibal was always happy to oblige his boy's curiosity.

He pulled back, and pushed in with two fingers, holding Will's thigh tight and steady as he worked them in, deep enough that Will gasped, loudly, and jerked in his arms.

He was sure, at this point, feeling how tight Will was, that Will had never had more than his own finger up his ass before. It would have started as any sexual experimentation starts, and then became something to look forward to, something to get good at, and then something to do just a little, just once, so that Hannibal could stretch him properly, give him his first proper fuck.

Will tried to sink back against him with adolescent enthusiasm, biting his lip at the pressure, blinking his eyes open when they closed in pleasure, or he felt far too overwhelmed to be seeing anything at all. He just wanted to *do it*. To just… fuck. He didn't know what else to do; how to draw out foreplay, how to tease without coming in his pants embarrassingly quickly, and he hated that, he hated that here, of all places, he appeared so much like the child he was.

Hannibal, conversely, hardly minded. He watched the minute changes on Will's face, the little flickers of discomfort and need, impatience and worry. He watched those lovely eyes roll up, focus on him again, pupils still wide, nearly pushing out the blue. He leaned in to taste him, the clean sweat that had gathered at Will's collarbone, and sought with his fingers for the spot within the boy that would jerk him out of his overthinking and out of his worry.

Sex was difficult to get wrong.

Will would certainly not leave Hannibal disappointed, regardless of how the evening turned out in the end.

He licked over Will's collarbone slowly, relishing the sweet taste of him, and pressed deeper with his fingers, setting his teeth in a smile to Will's flushed skin when he felt the little nub of the boy's prostate. Will's response was immediate, and borderline startling, just like the rest of his reactions had been through the moving waters of their burgeoning relationship.

Will's mouth curled around a stuttering cry, his knees dug into the Bentley's seat cushions, his thighs clamped hard around Hannibal's as he shuddered in place, spine grown tense as a bowstring beneath Hannibal's hand, every muscle around his fingers clenching down. Hannibal smiled, petting over his prostate again, and drew out another sweet, heavy moan from Will, stifled against his temple.

"*Fuck*," Will breathed. He had never, Hannibal was sure, gotten this deep. Boys this small simply couldn't reach far enough, and didn't know where to look. "Oh, oh God, *fuck* -." His nails dug into Hannibal, wherever he could reach, and he rocked his hips against Hannibal's fingers on instinct alone.

His eyes clenched tightly shut, and Hannibal smiled, gripping him by the nape of the neck and kissing him. "As beautiful as I'm sure you would look taking me just like this, we should move to something that will be more comfortable," he suggested.

Will huffed, his voice hoarse like he'd been screaming, or Hannibal had put him on his knees and used his mouth. "You're the one who suggested the car," he replied.

"And it is perfectly adequate," Hannibal replied. He pulled his fingers from Will, smiling at the weak, pitiful whimper the sudden loss conjured from the boy's chest, and lifted him from his lap.

He moved Will easily, for Will was pliant and certainly eager, and put him with his knees on the edge of the seat, curled up on himself so his chin settled between the headrests for each place. Hannibal put his knees between Will's, and leaned over him, letting Will feel every inch of his broad chest, his heavy body. Will's thighs quivered under his touch, and Hannibal put his teeth to Will's ear;

"Like this, I won't be able to watch your face as you come undone beneath me, but there are benefits to this position," he said. Will turned his head, cheek against the smooth leather, and looked at him from the corner of his black eyes. Hannibal smiled, and put a hand on Will's stomach. "Depth, for one."

Will shivered, nodding quickly even though he hadn't been asked a question. He just wanted it, and he wanted it *now*. He wanted to feel Hannibal press into him, feel him fill Will up, feel him fuck and use Will's body as he wanted. God, he'd never wanted anything else more in his entire young life than that. As much to piss off his dad, but also to know that he, Will Graham, was interesting enough to tempt and seduce a man like Hannibal. That it was his mind, as well as his body, that got him what he wanted.

“Your fingers felt good,” he mumbled, smiling and ducking his face to the seat again when Hannibal chuckled.

“I will fill you up much deeper than my fingers, dear boy.”

Will shuddered. “Good.”

Hannibal kissed over his shoulders, down his spine, hands setting to Will’s hips to hold him in place. He was still caught in his jeans, and it didn’t matter. Hannibal would see the boy spread another day, when he could see his face, could watch him squirm and bite his lip and beg to come as Hannibal spread his legs and devoured him. But now…. Now, he would have him just like this.

There should have been more lubricant, perhaps Hannibal should have taken the time to ease the way a little more, but he didn’t, and Will in his ignorance had not asked for more. Hannibal took his time working free his pants, watching Will’s shoulders tense and relax as he listened but didn’t look back to see what Hannibal was doing. He knew well enough. He let the anticipation build for himself, clever thing that he was.

“I’m going to make you scream,” Hannibal promised him softly, stroking his hair back from Will’s neck to kiss there as he teased the head of his cock over Will’s entrance. “You’ll rasp in class at school tomorrow.”

Will laughed, nervous and little, and tensed his thighs for a moment, lingering on the tantalizing promise. He could only spread so far, with his jeans tucked tight around his thighs, but he lifted himself in greedy offering. So sweet, utterly tempting, satisfaction promised in every line and curve of his skinny body as he arched to Hannibal’s chest like a desperate little beast.

Hannibal held himself steady with one hand, the other on Will’s hip to keep him from shying away. He pushed in, cockhead eagerly swallowed by Will’s slick, pink rim. He wished he could watch, but alas, the car was too dark, their bodies too close-pressed to allow it. Will’s breath hitched, his fingers curling in the leather, shoulders tensing up.

But he didn’t pull away. Hannibal told himself he would stop, if Will had hesitated. He lied.

He kept pushing in, growling at the tight, hot grip of Will as he was forced to part and make room inside his body. So small, so skinny, if Will’s body were any younger Hannibal was sure he would be able to feel the bulge of his own cock pushing at the boy’s insides. He slid his hand to Will’s belly, just to test, holding him just above his pubic bone as Will gasped, mewling pathetically, pinned under him as Hannibal took his prize and parted Will for himself.

Will took him with surprising grace, for how old and halfhearted the preparation had been. His muscles quivered and clamped without rhythm, not knowing how to tighten and how to relax to make it easier for both of them, but that was alright. Hannibal was strong, and he knew exactly what he was doing.

He released his cock and put his hand by Will's head on the back of the seat, releasing his breath in a low snarl as he sank all the way in, until Will's ass pressed tight to his thighs, and Will moaned when he did, back bowing, seeking pressure against the spot Hannibal had found in him. Hannibal was content to let him rut and wriggle with his new toy; it was better for Will, to get used to the stretch and weight of another man inside him.

Will shuddered, mewling quietly, ridiculously overwhelmed. He ached, though he didn't outright *hurt*. He felt so full, almost too full, like nothing should be able to feel like this but somehow did. He squirmed back against Hannibal, whimpering when he somehow pushed even deeper into him. He was so much larger than Will, in every possible way, and the thought alone made Will feel absolutely blissful.

He turned his face against the hand Hannibal pressed to the seat, nuzzling there, and dropped one of his own to tease his own cock again. He'd grown soft, from the nerves, from the pain, but now, filled as he was, and with his hand around himself, Will felt that coil of fire flicker in his groin again.

"Feels so good," he whispered, laughing helplessly when Hannibal rocked back and in, half an inch, maybe, no more, and it already turned Will's knees to water. "Move, please move," he added, parting his lips to suck gently against Hannibal's fingers where they gripped the seat. "Please fuck me."

Hannibal was ravenous, but he was patient. He didn't immediately plow into a body not fit to handle that much strength. Instead he took his time, shallowly easing into and out of the boy until Will was whimpering, panting heat against the leather, his breath pooling and dissipating over and over. He felt immediately when Will relaxed into it, when something in his own mind changed up and clicked, and he turned just so, and arched his back, and could feel Hannibal against -.

"Fuck, oh *fuck*, God, *please* -."

"Patience."

"I'm gonna come again," Will complained, laughing, and pressed his hand to his thigh instead of stroking himself, watching his cock bounce off his belly, over and over, as Hannibal picked up his pace, as he brought both hands down to hold Will again and started to fuck him.

"Good," Hannibal growled, nuzzling Will's sweaty hair, pushing it from his nape so he could get a taste of his sweet boy's skin. He could feel it, too, feel how Will's body clenched around his cock, desperate, milking him for it. Will gasped as he pushed up on Will's belly, letting his cock grind against Will's prostate with every thrust.

The Bentley's alignment creaked beneath them, the windows were opaque with condensation. Hannibal was sweating too, feeling it bead on his forehead and the backs of his knees, under his arms. He wanted to cover Will with it, mark him with sweat and come and teeth.

He dropped a hand, wrapping it around Will's hard cock, pleased to find how wet he was at the tip. He would make sure Will knew to drink plenty of water after this.

Will whined, rutting against him feverishly, writhing where he was pinned and trapped, knees squeaking against the leather, breath hot and heavy against Hannibal's hair. "I'm -. I'm gonna -," he tried again, unable to speak more.

Hannibal smiled. "Do it, Will," he purred, biting lightly at Will's neck. Couldn't leave marks, but could certainly tease at it, and he knew how sensitive Will was everywhere. Predictably, Will moaned at the pressure, his cock twitching in Hannibal's hand. "Be a good boy and leave your stain in my car, knowing I'll be able to smell you for days after."

Will cursed, his entire body tensing as he pulsed into Hannibal's hand and arched back against him. He dropped his head back against Hannibal's shoulder and whined as the doctor did not slow down, not at all, in fucking him. It felt good. It felt so fucking good Will could barely breathe. He'd never been so sensitive before, never felt every single follicle of the hairs on his arms respond to a puff of breath. His pulse was everywhere, blood rushed in his ears, and he wanted to just keep going and going, to have Hannibal fuck him forever.

He reached back, catching Hannibal's hair in desperate fingers, and tugged, enough to feel Hannibal growl against him, a low warning note that made Will shiver, predatory and dangerous. Just what Will wanted.

"Harder," he insisted, grinning when Hannibal didn't hesitate to comply, didn't ask if Will was *sure* or if this was *okay*. He didn't treat Will like a fragile thing, like a delicate boy. He treated him how he felt Will deserved, and Will *loved it*. "*God* Hannibal fuck me harder,"

He slipped sometimes, Hannibal noticed, and used his first name when he was utterly desperate for something. Sweet boy. He wouldn't stop him. He did love the sound of his name on Will's lips, the way he whined it, the way his throat clicked on the consonants. He wrapped an arm around the boy's middle, bringing him up higher on his knees, and thrust in deep, turning to paint his own breath in lieu of bruises over Will's throat.

It was a thorough claiming, something Will would feel for days after this, would wake up in the night and jerk off to. It amused him that he lost his virginity in the back of a car. So normal, so utterly boring, and yet….

He squeezed his muscles tight, relaxed them again, doing everything in his meagre power to bring Hannibal closer to his own orgasm, hoping that it felt as good for him as it had for Will, hoping this wouldn't be the end of their conversations and Will's deliberate sneaking around. His brows furrowed at the thought and WIll squeezed his eyes shut.

"Hannibal, please -."

Fill me up, mark me, claim me, keep me….

Hannibal went still, lashes fluttering and lips parting, teeth edged to Will's rabbiting pulse as he pressed deep into his boy - *his* boy, *his* - and held him still. Will wriggled, but just for a moment, until Hannibal gave another low, wordless growl of warning.

The heat building in his chest unfurled, stomach tensing with every spurt of come he gave Will's greedy body. Will's muscles were so tight, rim a deep, blushing red, pulsing from the

aftermath of his own orgasm. Hannibal pulled back so he could watch, relishing the sight of Will's pale, round ass under his hands, spread so wide, rim shining with the little lube he'd applied.

He huffed, back of his head hitting the top of the car with a gentle thud, eyes closing as he emptied himself inside his boy, every twitch of his cock triggering a responsive little whine. Or maybe it was because every pulse made his hands tighten to the point to threaten bruises.

Will whined beneath him when Hannibal slid back, spent and softening, a gush of come following his cock as Will's body seized up behind him. When he pulled all the way out, he held Will open, thumbs dug into his rim, ravenous for the sight and scent of him spilling out of Will.

The boy was trembling, overwhelmed in every possible way and tired, now that he had a moment to catch his breath. He was filthy. Perfect. He loved it. Will turned his head just enough to see Hannibal over his shoulder and grinned.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer."

Hannibal just lifted his eyes to him and narrowed them, watching Will bite his lip in delight before turning away again and shifting to arch his back deeper and give Hannibal a better view of the mess he was making of himself.

It took everything Hannibal had in him not to lean in and taste him.

Another time.

Another place.

Where he could first taste Will, just Will, before mingling their flavor together against his tongue.

Instead, he pressed a kiss, hot and sloppy, against the boy's tailbone before releasing him and sitting back himself. Behind his eyes, Will's back was covered in scratches, his plush bottom bruised with Hannibal's handprints, his thighs pink and trembling. He licked his lips and hummed, pleased, before returning himself to the present.

Will remained bent over as he'd been left, as much, Hannibal was sure, because he didn't know what to do as because it was a comfortable enough position to hold. Hannibal set a heavy hand to the boy's back and Will groaned quietly, turning to look over his shoulder again.

"I could sleep for ages," he mumbled, grin sleepy, and reached to tug his clothes back up, wincing as he turned a certain way, smiling the entire time. When he'd put himself together as much as he could, he ducked his head and laughed, delighting in how obviously wrecked his jeans looked, with come leaking through the fabric, front and back.

Hannibal tucked himself back in as Will was correcting his clothes, until they both looked somewhat decent - Hannibal much more so than Will. Will looked like he would be better

suited on a street corner in the bad part of town. He smiled, and leaned down, cupping Will's nape and pulling him up for a kiss that lingered. He missed the taste of himself on Will's tongue, and vowed that, next time, he would make sure he filled his boy at both ends.

Will parted from him with a dreamy sigh, lashes low over his dark eyes, hair a mess, flattened from pressing against the back of the seat and near-black with sweat. His smile, wide, dimpling his cheeks, showed Hannibal his teeth.

"This is the part where you kick me out and I walk home, huh?" he asked.

Hannibal sighed. The romantic in him would rather have avoided this part, too, but Will had insisted on a place close to his house and very much public, for all they were hidden, and he certainly couldn't drop Will off at the end of his driveway, looking like that.

He tucked a curl behind Will's ear, stalling, and Will gave him another wide, lovely smile, and lifted up for another kiss. "I'm not mad," he murmured. "But I know where you live. And where you work. So if you're planning on just dumping me now -."

"I promise, dear boy, I have no such intention," Hannibal replied. He understood why Will might think that - there was a certain reputation amongst youths, especially boys, of loving and leaving - but it still caused a pang of offended outrage in his skull, that Will might think him capable. Perhaps it was just another way Will liked to tease him.

"Mm. Good," Will said, and wet his lips. His fingers trailed down Hannibal's chest, to his thighs, and curled. "I'll see you soon, then?"

"I couldn't stop you if I wanted to," Hannibal said, and Will grinned up at him, unrepentant, beaming. Hannibal leaned down for one more kiss, because if he didn't, he knew the desire would follow him all the way home, and then Will moved from beneath him, opening the door and clambering out, w incing when his untried muscles and shaky legs tried to support his weight.

Hannibal eyed the car. There was a very obvious and gratuitous stain in the center left behind. And teeth marks in the leather, nail scratches burred into the seat. Will had thoroughly left his mark, and Hannibal couldn't be more proud.

Chapter 2

Hannibal looked up, frowning at the sound of his secretary's voice, high-pitched and outraged, as well as an answering bellow; a voice that, unfortunately, Hannibal knew all too well. He sighed, and reached down with one hand, lacing his fingers through the mane of wild curls as Will stiffened, letting Hannibal's cock slip free of his mouth, and looked up at him with wide, terrified eyes.

"It's alright, Will," he murmured, and pushed his chair in a little farther. The back of his desk was open, but currently blocked by the couch. Will had helped him move it there in case Hannibal's secretary decided she needed to come in. "Just be still and quiet. I'll handle this."

Will nodded, his expression set into one of uncharacteristic nervousness, and Hannibal pet through his hair again, seeking to soothe. By the time Sheriff Bill Graham stormed into his office, nothing appeared to be amiss.

"Bill."

"Don't you start." Graham Sr. was an imposing man, as tall as Hannibal but not as broad. What he lacked in bulk he made up for in brashness. He was crude and loud, extroverted, determined and hyperfocused on tasks he found to be of utmost importance. How he had raised a boy like Will was a true example of nature versus nurture.

"What have I started?" Hannibal asked him, voice as calm as he had the patience to keep it for the moment. Against his thigh, Will nuzzled and hid his face away, silent but trembling.

"You know, you *fucking* know, Lecter." The Sheriff had no qualms about invading personal space, but he stopped at the side of Hannibal's desk instead of walking right into him. Perhaps some Southern manners had dig in enough somewhere. "You've been after my boy."

"After -"

"Corrupting him! Meeting with him, talking to him when I *forbade* you to."

"I believe you forbade Will from -."

"*Fucking him*."

Hannibal blinked up at him, sighing as he waited for the wave to crest and slosh away. There would be no use trying to reason with a man who was beyond reason. Were they alone, he would in no uncertain terms remove him from his office. But as it were, with Will soft and little on his knees between Hannibal's legs under the desk….

"Are you accusing me of something, Bill?" Hannibal asked him. "Something you have evidence for, I'd imagine, with an accusation so heavy."

Bill's eyes narrowed, and he glowered at Hannibal like a bull readying itself for a charge. Hannibal had to admire his tenacity, and his dedication - he was a good Sheriff, when all was said and done, and knew not to ignore his hunches, but Hannibal was in no mood nor position to parlay.

And it wasn't the first time Bill had accused him of something and found no evidence for it. Hannibal was careful, after all.

Hannibal gave him a cordial smile, and gestured to one of the available seats. "If something's troubling you at home, with Will, perhaps you'd like to talk about it?"

"Don't give me that," Bill hissed. "Will's been sneaking off at night and I know there's only one place he would go. One *person* he would go to."

"I assure you, Sheriff, I have no idea what you're talking about," he replied coolly, shaking his head. Will's warm breath ghosted over his cock, his cheek rubbing Hannibal's thigh, seeking touch and reassurance. Hannibal dared not move his hand in case he drew Bill's attention. He was the kind of man to shoot first, and if he thought Hannibal was reaching for a weapon, well….

"As far as I know, your son has been obeying your orders," he added. It was easy to lie to people like Bill, because they looked for nervousness. Averted eyes, trembling voice, awkward fidgeting. Hannibal had none of that to show. "And if he had, I would of course advise him to continue to obey you. You are his father, after all."

"That's *right*," Bill growled. "I'm his father, and if I even *smell* you near him I'll lock you in a hole so deep not even the worms can find you."

Hannibal's brows rose. He hummed. "Well," he said, lightly as he could manage, "I suppose it's fortunate, then, than you have no evidence against me." Bill glared. "If you did, I would be in cuffs already, I'm sure."

"Watch it, Lecter," Bill threatened, pointing an accusing finger his way. "I've got my eye on you."

"Noted," Hannibal murmured, and gestured to the door. "I'd appreciate if you apologize to my secretary on your way out. I'm sure you've rattled her awfully."

"I was doing my job," Bill replied, bringing a hand up to point at him again. Hannibal just blinked.

"And yet, I would appreciate it."

"The first thing I find, the first fucking thing," Bill muttered.

"Feel free to search my home, if it would put your mind at ease, Sheriff," Hannibal added blithely from his desk. "I've nothing to hide."

For a moment, neither moved or said anything, a veritable Mexican standoff between two men of a very different sort of power. Finally, Bill pushed a deliberate breath out his nose and

turned on his heel to leave, making sure to slam the door rather than close it behind him.

Hannibal didn't move while he listened to the gruff man murmur something to his secretary, her helpless little laugh as she accepted the apology; '*Of course, Sheriff, you have a good day'*. He didn't move until he heard the car door slam shut, and only then did he push his chair back just far enough to look down at the boy trembling at his feet.

"Darling boy, he's gone now."

"That was close, that was so fucking close," Will whispered, sniffing and drawing a hand through his hair. His eyes were dry but wide with panic, his pulse was rabbit-quick at his throat. It took him a moment to collect himself before offering a wide but very fake smile to the doctor.

"Makes it more exciting."

Hannibal frowned, and sighed, cupping Will's jaw tenderly. His lips were swollen from taking Hannibal's cock, the brightness of his eyes iced over in panic at being caught. It was ebbing, but not quickly enough, and Hannibal's lungs felt tight with the urge to soothe him.

"No, it doesn't," he murmured, and Will swallowed, blinking up at him owlishly. "Fear can be exciting, the idea of getting caught thrilling, but only where there is no real danger." Will swallowed again, lashes dipping down guiltily.

Hannibal smiled. "Oh, my sweet boy," he said, and pushed his chair out, gathering Will by the hair and his nape and helping him to his feet. "Were you worried for me?"

"Both of us," Will muttered, but the look in his eyes said *yes,* yes he was. Hannibal had more to lose from this than Will did, would earn a worse fate than the belt or being grounded or whatever else it was parents did with their children.

Hannibal drew him close, one hand cupped between Will's legs, finding that, despite his fear, perhaps there was a small fissure of daredevil in Will, because he was still half-hard, and thickened fully as soon as Hannibal touched him.

"Everything is fine," Hannibal said soothingly, and drew Will in for a kiss, until the boy shivered and arched against him. He stood, and pushed Will onto his desk, stepping between his legs when Will eagerly spread them, breath hitching, eyes wide now with anticipation as he stared up at Hannibal. Hannibal kissed him again, licking the taste of his precum from Will's tongue, and took his hands, slowly but firmly pushing them to curl around the edges of the desk.

He parted from the kiss, leaving Will spit-slick and black-eyed, and put his teeth to his boy's red ear; "Keep them there."

Then, he sank to his knees.

He made quick work of the boy's pants and underwear, drawing both low enough to bunch up around Will's boots before guiding Will's legs over his shoulders. He kissed the insides of

soft thighs, fingers massaging just behind Will's knees, easing him wider as Will squirmed pleasurably on the desk and held on as he'd been told.

They hadn't managed to fuck since the Bentley, the time never quite right, not ever quite long enough for them to properly enjoy each other. But Hannibal had had the boy keening in his lap, riding three of his fingers as Hannibal reminded him not to come, not then, not yet. The boy would need much more training, of course, but his first failure was beautiful to behold regardless.

Now, he spread him with his thumbs and just breathed against the twitching muscle. Will radiated heat, his arousal was divine and Hannibal breathed lungfuls of it before leaning in to mouth against Will's balls, to tongue teasingly over just the base of his cock to watch it twitch to hardness in moments.

Responsive and lovely, and so, so young.

With a sharp little nip to Will's thigh, Hannibal leaned nearer and drew the flat of his tongue over Will, fingers tightening their hold when the boy immediately tried to close his legs against the sensation.

"Doctor -."

"Hush, Will, stay as I put you."

Will laughed, a helpless little giggle, but obeyed as best he could. When Hannibal licked him again, he squirmed in delight and grasped the edge of the desk with white knuckles.

"Holy shit," he managed softly.

Hannibal smiled, and flattened his tongue, growling softly against Will's clean skin. The boy knew by now to keep himself clean here, inside and out, and he had yet to grow more hair than a fine dusting, pale and soft. Hannibal flicked his tongue, making Will's thighs tense, gasping as his head fell against the desk with a soft *thud*.

He moaned when Hannibal licked over his hole again, and Hannibal's fingers tightened in his thighs. "Hush, Will. Your father may be gone, but we still have an audience."

"I can't help it," Will panted. "It feels too good."

Hannibal hummed. "Very well," he murmured, and rose, smiling when Will let out a plaintive, protesting gasp. He carefully unknotted his tie and pulled it loose from around his neck, folded it neatly, and pushed it between Will's teeth. Will blinked at him, wide-eyed and startled, but when Hannibal wrapped a hand around his cock, the moan he let out was at a much more suitable volume. "That's better."

He sank to his knees again, releasing Will's cock, a part of him curious to see if he could get the boy to come just from being licked open. If his tongue didn't do the trick, Hannibal was more than willing to use other parts of himself to get Will lax, purring and sweet, as he had been when he'd prowled into Hannibal's office that afternoon.

He teased Will with just slow licking for the moment, taking in every squirm and shudder, every pleased little sound he made. Then Hannibal leaned nearer, setting his lips to his skin to suck, and Will keened, lifting a hand from the table to press over the tie in his mouth, trying to gag himself further.

His sounds came in soft hiccups now, whimpers and whines and softer things that Hannibal ached to feel pressed to his skin. Another time. Another time, another place. He sucked and licked and tormented Will with cool breath against flushed skin, and when he speared his tongue to slip into him the boy almost bucked himself off the desk.

The sound he made, Hannibal was certain, was his name, mumbled and muffled into his own tie. So he did it again, grabbing Will hard enough to leave pale bruises later, holding him still as he fucked him shallowly, took the taste of his boy into his mouth and savored it. He wanted to see him on his knees, chest to the bed and hand down between his legs squeezing his leaking cock as Hannibal ate him out like this. He wanted to see Will spread wide in his bed, perhaps tied down, perhaps just sprawled that way in his youth and enthusiasm as Hannibal devoured him.

He *wanted*.

And he would have it, eventually. He would have all of him.

Will made another helpless noise and mumbled something Hannibal supposed were words. He didn't need to ask Will to repeat himself, he could smell how close he was to his own release, and merely hummed when he sucked at his sensitive rim again in lieu of permission.

Will's orgasm, Hannibal had learned, came upon him like a tidal wave. A soft, almost torturously slow chorus of sweet moans and shivers, a tension in his thighs Hannibal could never soothe away, muscles seizing in his belly and his shoulders. His fingers spread wide on the edge of the desk, and then clamped down hard, he arched, always seeking fullness and friction, his knees curled around Hannibal's shoulders and made him hear his own blood rushing in his ears.

Then, the undercurrent seized Will by the back of the neck, and he came with a harsh cry, an explosion of scent and an utterly delicious spasm of his rim around Hannibal's tongue. Hannibal smiled, licking over his sensitive rim as Will howled behind his tie, muffled and sweet, and his bod juddered and writhed, trying to escape the sensation, trying to move into it; it didn't matter. Hannibal held him fast and continued to lick until Will sighed, going totally lax, and he could hear his sweet boy's pathetic, wanton murmuring.

Then, Will broke, and his hand fisted in Hannibal's hair, easing him away. He sat up, and his come trickled thick down his belly, staining his cock. He was breathing hard, and watched with wide eyes as Hannibal smiled at him, and bent down to lick a thick trail of come from his softening, pink cock. He whimpered, and spat out the tie, catching it before it hit his stomach and became irrevocably stained.

"Holy shit," he whispered when his mouth was free, still pawing gracelessly at Hannibal's hair. "Oh my God, that felt…"

Hannibal smiled, and unhooked Will’s heels from behind his head, standing so he could loom over his boy, take his chin in hand, and place a kiss on his sweet, panting mouth. If Will had any reservations about sharing this particular taste, he didn’t show it, merely licked greedily into Hannibal’s mouth in between snatches of air.

“I want you,” he growled, and gripped Hannibal’s still-bared cock in his sweaty hand. “Now. Right here.”

"Greedy thing," Hannibal told him fondly, reaching back to work Will's jeans and underwear down over his shoes, leaving him in his shirt and shoes when he was finished. Quite the tempting picture his boy painted.

"Won't your father wonder where you are?"

Will shook his head, gleeful. "He never checks on me during school hours. Doesn't care."

"You know I don't approve of your truancy, Will."

"You approve of the sounds you pull from me though," Will countered, amused. He rolled his eyes when Hannibal gave him a look. "I'll catch up. I'll even bring you my homework to check, if that's a *thing* for you."

"I'll not have your beautiful mind go to waste," Hannibal told him, but he did kiss Will again, deep and hungry, and allowed the boy to wrap his skinny legs around his middle to pull him nearer. It was a deliciously tempting offer, to fuck his boy silly and send him home dripping to clean up before Graham Sr. returned.

And he'd yet to see Will's face as he lost himself to pleasure, impaled on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal slipped his hands under Will's thighs and picked him up off the desk, delighting in the sound of pleased surprise Will made against him as he was carried. He was such a little thing….

Will had mentioned the couch, thinking about Hannibal fucking him on it, and in truth beyond the desk, the floor, and Hannibal's chair there was little else they could use in his office. And it was right there, after all.

He laid Will across it, his glorious and beautiful muse, his siren waiting for a sailor to come and wreck on the shore of Will’s pale thighs. He bowed over Will, easily lifting him to a position that suited, and kissed him as he knelt between Will’s legs. Will bit his lower lip, hands reaching, petting Hannibal’s neck, through his hair, down his shoulders and arms. He looked like desire incarnate, temptation made flesh. By God, he was beautiful.

Hannibal had already wetted his rim enough that a larger and more experienced man would take him easily, and Will was aroused enough that there was no tension, but still Hannibal took his time, feeding Will his fingers and then adding the slick to Will’s rim. Then inside him. Then, when Will was panting and whining and on the verge of needing to be gagged again, Hannibal lifted him so his head was cushioned on the pillow at the corner of the couch,

eyes wide, seeking, and Hannibal tucked his knees under Will’s ass, widespread hands holding him steady and sure as his cockhead found Will’s hole, caught, and sank inside.

Will whined, loudly, a sound Hannibal knew was punched from deep in his belly. He stared up at Hannibal, unblinking, both of them stripped bare in this moment. And Hannibal had no choice but to brace himself against the couch over Will’s head, fold him with a hand behind his knee so his darling boy was perfectly positioned, hips canted up in readiness and at the best angle for Hannibal to fuck him deep.

And he did just that, hand flattening over Will’s mouth to keep him silent as Will held his own legs open and muffled his cries against Hannibal’s palm.

It was sinful. Will's eyes so bright and wet when he blinked them open, breaths panting hot and quick against Hannibal's fingers as he kept him silent with his hand. He sought with such desperate fingers against him when he'd just wrapped his legs around Hannibal and held on that way, and when Hannibal freed his mouth his boy surged up to kiss him.

Will was absolutely worshipped, even when he'd been on his knees in the back of his car, now, bent in half and being truly, thoroughly *fucked* in his office, Will was a treasured thing.

"God you feel so good, you feel so *good*," Will breathed, biting his lip to quiet himself as Hannibal found his prostate and slowed his thrusts and tormented his boy that way. Will was nearly sobbing by the end of it, his own hand pressed to his mouth now, knuckle between his teeth to keep himself quiet.

"Hannibal, I'm gonna come," he whimpered, yanking Hannibal down to kiss him, hands in his hair and against his cheek just holding him close as Will's body tensed and worked around him to bring him closer too. "Fill me up, I want to be dripping with you when I get home."

Hannibal’s mouth spread in a wide smile. “Rest assured, Will, that was *precisely* my intention,” he replied, and Will nodded, helplessly pinned and fucked to within an inch of his life against the couch. He moaned into his knuckles, wrapped his other hand around his cock, stroking tightly.

He came just like that, arching up sharply and only having the wherewithal to barely tug his shirt down in time to catch the mess, so he didn’t stain Hannibal’s clothes. Hannibal’s eyes shone with approval, and he leaned down to kiss Will as he panted and breathed through the comedown, his prostate battered mercilessly, the couch screeching across the floor.

Hannibal pressed deep, coming with a sharp grunt as he emptied himself inside of his body. He released Will’s legs, letting them fall lax, and Will smiled up at him, pleased and purring finely under his gaze. Hannibal leaned down to kiss him again, cupping his face with both hands as he pulled out, a thick drip of his come following behind and leaving a dark stain on the couch.

Will was glowing by the time Hannibal let him up, both of them straightening their clothes, the seat of Will’s jeans already growing a dark stain. Will smiled, and embraced him, and Hannibal leaned down to take in a deep inhale, relishing the scent of himself in Will’s hair and on his skin.

“You’d best be leaving, Will,” he said, not at all surprised at the small pang of longing that pulsed in his chest at the thought. For all the carnal pleasures Will gifted him, the boy’s sharp mind and clever tongue delighted him just as much, and he would happily keep Will here, conversing with him until his next patient arrived, but the day was growing old and Will would be expected elsewhere sooner rather than later.

Will hummed, like he knew and understood this too. “My dad’s going on a trip to the city tomorrow night,” he murmured, eyes flashing with anticipation. “And I know he’s doing an undercover run tonight. Not taking the cruiser.”

Hannibal’s brows rose. “You…. What exactly are you inferring?”

Will shrugged, unapologetic. “Just that the house will be empty, and I have the keys,” he replied with another bright grin. “Maybe we could leave a stain or two in that car as well.”

The beast within Hannibal raised its head, preening and possessive and delighting in the idea of marking a claim in an enemy's territory.

Others' noses weren't as sensitive as Hannibal's, leaving such a mark in any other car would simply go unnoticed by the owner; and a police cruiser saw many an unsavoury individual in it day in and day out. But the knowledge, intimate and secret, held by just the two of them….

"Careful, Will. You'll develop a fetish."

"You're my fetish," Will grinned, running his fingers down Hannibal's shirt again, one foot poised up on the toe in a blatant play at innocence. He playfully tugged at Hannibal's tie before stepping away, eyes demure and smile playful. "He leaves at eight."

Hannibal was outside the house at eight seventeen, having had a cab drop him off two blocks away and walking with purpose in case Bill Graham changed his plans. He couldn't arrest Hannibal for walking a public street in the early evening, no matter how desperately he may have wanted to.

But he found the cruiser parked in the Graham's driveway, and a light on in the upstairs window suggesting at least one member of the family was home.

Hannibal didn't linger on the street, he crossed it diagonally at a languid pace and just as he set foot to the sidewalk, Will opened the front door and very nearly bounced out of it in his excitement. He was grinning ear to ear and let the front door slam shut behind him as he lifted the key fob and unlocked the car. Hannibal shook his head but said nothing, taking Will's cue to get into the back of the car rather than the front.

Once inside, he found himself with a lapful of eager boy and wrapped his arms around Will as the other kissed him.

“You’re late,” Will gasped against his mouth, rutting frantically against Hannibal’s cock, pawing at his chest. Hannibal growled, all too aware of the fact that the driveway was far more public than the construction sight, and he needed to calm Will’s motions in case the creaking of the car gave them away. The houses were spaced fairly liberally, certainly no one would be able to just look and know what they were doing, and the driveway was secluded by tall bushes on one side and the bulk of Will’s house on the other, but Hannibal was sure the car was far from soundproof, and they would have to be careful.

The cruiser was not nearly as gracious with its size as the Bentley. The grate separating cops from criminals and the back of the front seats nudged against his knees, and the roof was low, the back of the car sharply sloped so that Hannibal knew he would knock his head if he got on top.

There were definitely aesthetic appeals to watching Will ride him, losing himself on Hannibal’s cock, and Hannibal was sure he could negotiate Will to face away from him, to grip the grate and fuck himself back, and he could finish the boy that way.

“I apologize,” he replied, as Will’s teeth in his lower lip tore him from his musings. Will grinned at him, cheeks red and ruddy, hair sticking wildly all around his face like a halo. He must have been messing with it, petting it and down over his neck as he did when he was nervous, or eager. “It won’t happen again.”

“Good,” Will said, voice too soft for the snap to really sting. He smiled, and leaned in, nuzzling Hannibal’s neck, breath warm and enticing over the collar of his shirt. “But it gave me time to get ready for you. I’m all slicked up. Better this time, promise.”

Hannibal purred, pleased, against him, caught his hand at the back of Will’s head to encourage him nearer, tipping his own head back to let the boy press kisses to his skin. Hannibal was rarely allowing of partners to leave marks on *him*, but as he couldn’t mark up his boy so publicly he could allow for a slip in his own rules.

“Always aiming to surprise, aren’t you?”

Will snorted. “Only for you,” he admitted, tugging at Hannibal’s tie to get to the top button, kissing his way to the hollow of Hannibal’s throat where his voice muffled a little. “I don’t like doing things for people, usually.”

Hannibal had to chuckle at that. Will, lovely, bored, beautiful, clever Will. Of course he wouldn’t go out of his way to please anyone; no one was worth his time. Hannibal caught his breath as little teeth drew experimentally over his skin, and let his hands slip down the back of Will’s loose jeans to squeeze his ass.

Will wasn’t wearing underwear.

“And presumptuous,” Hannibal added, Will looked up with a grin and leaned in to kiss him, whispering against his lips.

“We came here to fuck,” he reminded him. “Just taking the roadblocks away from the inevitable.”

Hannibal smiled. “Inevitability is no reason to deny anticipation,” he replied. In answer, Will’s teeth dug a little harder, sending a pleasant, warm echo of sensation down Hannibal’s spine. Certainly not hard enough to bruise, not even to hurt; Will’s jaws were gentle, his tongue slipping wide and hot up to Hannibal’s pulse.

Will huffed. “I’ve been *anticipating* you all damn day,” he said. “And you’re late.”

Hannibal couldn’t help the small laugh that escaped him, and he nodded in concession. “You’re right, darling, and I would do well to make it up to you,” he said, soft and teasing, but Will’s head lifted, eyes brightening in anticipation. Hannibal tucked his hair away from his face, drew him in for one more kiss, knowing once Will turned, it would be much more difficult to get at his sweet boy’s lovely mouth.

He gripped Will by the hips, turning him so that he was forced to take the second seat, and Will let out a half-hearted moan of complaint, brow creasing, but it soon eased as Hannibal drew him close again, turned so Will’s back was to his chest, his thighs spread wide around Hannibal’s. Will did exactly as Hannibal assumed he would, their instincts in line, as always, as Will’s fingers curled to brace himself on the grate in front of him.

Hannibal tugged at his jeans, lowering them just enough to bare his hole, and then began to work at his own clothes. As much as he would love to savor Will, to appreciate him properly, neither of them knew when the Sheriff would be getting back, or when a neighbor might peer too close, and it would be smarter not to delay.

Besides, Will wasn’t wrong; Hannibal had been looking forward to this, more than he wanted to admit. Will seized him, captivated him, made Hannibal ravenous in a way that could only be soothed by the boy’s cries, his moans, the taste of his come and his sweat, devoured as he, in turn, filled and flooded Will.

He freed his cock from his clothes, hissing when Will immediately rutted back against him, arms locked, back shoved against Hannibal’s chest, head tilted to his shoulder and to the side, so he could continue his open-mouthed exploration of Hannibal’s throat.

Hannibal huffed, and smiled. “Greedy,” he whispered, and wasn’t sure if he was talking more to himself, or Will.

“Yeah,” was all Will said, laughter in his voice as he wriggled back against Hannibal, as demanding as he was teasing; filled with the youthful vigor of endless arousal and quick recovery. Hannibal caught Will’s hips to lift him just enough, and guided himself in, turning his head to breathe in the subtleness of Will’s scent when his throat tensed, tendons tight and clear beneath his skin for Hannibal to kiss.

Will’s moan was far too loud, and Hannibal’s fingers squeezed in reprimand. In answer, Will turned his head a little more into Hannibal and dropped a hand back from the grate to tug his hair instead.

“I always thought it was fake, just acting, when people moaned in porn,” he mumbled, breath hitching as Hannibal thrust in deeper, settling Will filled and tense into his lap. “I want to make the filthiest sounds for you.”

Silly thing, youthful and innocent and oh-so-tempting. There were moments when Hannibal could forget Will's age, because he spoke as one much older, much wiser, and other moments like this where it became painfully, arousingly clear just how *young* Will Graham was. Hannibal let a hand slip down Will's front to palm his cock, for the moment just shifting his hips and Will along with them to allow the boy to grow accustomed to him again.

"Another time," he murmured, stroking Will's hair from his forehead with his free hand. "I will take you to bed with me, strip you bare, and spread you out on silk sheets." Will made a helpless noise and squeezed hard around Hannibal's cock, tilting his hips eagerly forward into his cupped palm. "Push you to your knees and see if I can make you come from just my tongue in you deep, for as long as it would take."

"Oh God," Will groaned, shoving his feet against the dirty floor of the cruiser and pushing himself up off of Hannibal, enough that sinking down brought both their breaths to a stuttering stillness for a moment. Then Will eagerly did it again, dropping the hand in Hannibal's hair to his thigh instead, to balance and guide himself.

"What else?" He whined. "Tell me what else we'd do."

Hannibal managed a smile, though it was strained, his lashes falling heavy over his eyes as he felt Will move against him. Because of the position, every inch of him was tensed, locked and ready for the sprint, and it meant even his inner muscles were clenching so wonderfully around Hannibal's cock, unceasing, so tight and hot and blissfully soaked.

He was tempted to taunt, to tease, to let Will drive himself wild with his own imagination, but as always, Will managed to tug on pieces of Hannibal that ached to be released, desires both powerful and unstoppable as a tidal wave.

He wrapped a gentle hand over Will's heart, helping him to curve his spine and sink down just that little bit farther, hips rocking in helpless, unpracticed little motions where he was just seeking fullness, no technique, no idea how to get what he was so ruthlessly chasing.

Hannibal's hand slid to his belly, he spread his legs a little wider, making Will bend, bow forward, and Will gasped and groaned, forehead tight to the grate, as Hannibal held his hips and worked him onto his cock. He wanted to hold Will closer, wanted to see the boy's beautiful eyes staring wide and unseeing up at the car roof, but this angle was better for Will, and more than anything, he wanted to see Will come undone for him.

"There are so many things," he murmured. "But more than anything, I think I would like most of all to see how loud I can truly get you."

Will moaned in answer, tightening around him, his teeth gritted and bared so he could try and swallow back the noise. Hannibal pet up his spine, pushing his shirt up to bare his pale skin, dug in around his shoulders to hold him still as he rolled his hips up as much as he was able, wary of shoving Will too hard against the grate.

"I would lick you open, certainly," he breathed. "Use my tongue, and then my fingers, and get you properly wet, and see how much you could take." Will gasped, head tilted back, body heaving as he kept moving. His pace was growing wilder now, more dramatic in his rocking.

“Not just physically, but mentally. How long I could tease you, bringing you to orgasm again and again, until you begged me to finally fill you up.”

“Hannibal -.” Will’s voice was rarely weak, Hannibal had only heard it pitch just so when he was buried in him, or sucking the taste of Will’s spilled seed from his limp cock, and once, just once, when his father had almost caught him under Hannibal’s desk.

It was a sound he prided himself in being able to push from such a proud and pretty thing.

“You can come, Will,” he told him, bringing his hand to Will’s chest again as the boy rocked back against him, tried to ride and sink and spread all at once, whining in distress when he couldn’t.

“Too soon.” Will mumbled, fingers white against the grate, body shivering intermittently when Hannibal grazed the boy’s prostate. Hannibal teased the side of his thumb over a nipple, tiny and quick to peak beneath his touch, dropping a hand between Will’s legs to stroke his cock, tightening his fingers on the upstroke to bring forth drops of pearly precome.

“I’m in no rush,” Hannibal assured him, tone low and warm against the back of Will’s neck where he pressed himself to breathe the boy in. “Once you make a mess of the car, as you so desperately want to do, naughty thing, there’s always your room.”

Will shuddered, tensing so hard around Hannibal that his teeth showed in a snarl. Will whimpered and sank back down against him, working himself in arrhythmic jerks between Hannibal’s cock and Hannibal’s hand.

“Dad -.”

“Is going on a trip to the city tomorrow night,” Hannibal replied, setting his teeth to Will’s earlobe to gently tug. “Isn’t that so?”

“Oh, fuck.” Will squirmed, dropped a hand to seek for Hannibal’s to slip their fingers together. Always touch starved and seeking softness and connection. Poor, sweet thing; with his absent mother and stern, overprotective father, he was a textbook case for some good teenage rebellion, and Hannibal was more than happy to oblige him.

“It would make me very happy to see you unravel, Will,” he purred, licking beneath Will’s ear, to the corner of his jaw, to his neck where his pulse rushed heavily, so loud Hannibal felt like he could hear it. He could certainly feel it, beating against his teeth.

His fingers tightened, and Will’s tightened with him, and the boy whimpered.

Hannibal wrapped his free arm around Will’s stomach, holding him gently, smoothing his thumb over Will’s sternum. A possessive counterpoint to the languid strokes to Will’s cock, centering and grounding him as Will succumbed to the tidal wave of his orgasm. Or perhaps this was more like a rockslide; a little, a few stones knocked out of place, and then all of it at once as the mountain came crashing down. Will screamed and slapped his own hand over his mouth to try and stifle it, arched over Hannibal’s shoulder so violently he almost unseated himself completely - would have, if not for Hannibal’s grip on him.

Hannibal growled and shoved him back down, forced his cock deep into Will's spasming body, and watched with dark, hooded eyes as Will came all over the back of the front seats. His father's seat, and the grate above it, his come dripping like spiderwebs covered in frost. His lips twitched in a smile as Will moaned, long and hoarse, shuddering so constantly it was like an explosion had gone off in his chest and he was but a little boat on unceasing tides.

Hannibal shushed him, kissed his thundering pulse and nuzzled his hair, petting Will's chest as he tried to recover his breath. "That was beautiful, my sweet boy. My dear Will," he murmured, and Will's breath hitched again, his fingers curled and fit themselves between his teeth as he gasped, hips giving a subtle little twitch when Hannibal's fingers slid down his softening cock, then back up, pulling another pathetic dribble of come out of him.

"*Fuck*," Will whispered, and laughed, like he couldn't help himself. His eyes shone in the low glow of his porch light. "F-*fuck*…"

Hannibal kissed the blush on his cheek, up to the corner of his eye as Will blinked furiously and tried to turn away, for no other reason than appearing weak and needy - in the bad way - was the last thing he wanted Hannibal to see. He dropped his other hand down to squeeze Hannibal's leg again, as his other flexed the fingers slotted with Hannibal's against his chest.

He wanted to invite him inside. He wanted to take him upstairs to his bed and have Hannibal fuck him silly. He wanted - like the stupid boy he was - to hold his goddamn hand for a moment without worrying that someone would comment on it.

Small towns held small minds.

Will wasn't a boy prone to fantasy often, he saw enough in reality to cloud his mind and fill it over-full with nonsense. But once in a while he imagined the freedom of being able to wrap his arms around Hannibal Lecter when he opened the door of his office to him, to jump up and wrap his legs around him too, and have Hannibal carry him inside as they kissed, and no one would say a word.

He wasn't sure if he was considering *dating* the man he was infatuated with or declaring undying puppy love for him, but he was on the edge of doing both.

"You haven't -," he ventured, turning his face a little to press a clumsy kiss to Hannibal's cheek.

"I will," Hannibal assured him, rubbing soothingly over Will's belly as he leaned back and started a lazy and slow rhythm against him. It would have been enough, truly, to have just watched Will come apart. He was a remarkable thing. But the fact that Hannibal could take his pleasure of him, with him, the fact that Will wanted him to, was quite another thing entirely.

"When I leave," he said, catching Will's hips and guiding him down, enjoying how Will squirmed in his over-sensitive state. "You will go to your room and have an early night."

Will snorted but said nothing, squeezing his thighs together gently as he arched up off of Hannibal's cock before sinking down again.

“You will go to school tomorrow,” Hannibal continued, amusement coloring his voice. “And take the notes you missed today, and catch up on them. And only then, if you’re good...” A word punctuated with a deliberate thrust against Will’s prostate. “I might come by in the evening again. On time, I promise.”

Will nodded frantically, eager to obey if it meant getting Hannibal inside him again. Wonderful, insatiable thing. The thought of crawling through Will’s window, though it was more likely he would come in through the front door, and finding Will, maybe half-asleep and sweetly curled up in his bed, was an enticing one. The thought of approaching him in the half-light of his desk lamp, of smelling the air rich with Will’s scent, of rolling him to his belly when he was still groggy and weary, filled his mouth with saliva. Spreading Will open, touching him with fingers and tongue, working him slick and wet and lax, and fucking the boy on his no-doubt cheaply-made bed until it broke - the mere idea of it made his teeth itch. He wanted Will to scream for him, to beg for him, without care of being overheard.

It was that thought that finished him; of hearing Will, in all his unrepentant, wild glory, of feeling him writhe and squirm and pant desperately against his sheets as Hannibal worked him to orgasm after orgasm, until he was so weak with satisfaction that penetration was easy; of working Will until he came dry, and then flooding his body, claiming him as *his*….

Hannibal’s orgasm was not sudden, but it lingered like the aftershock of a punch.

He held Will close to him and pressed kisses to his jaw, his cheek, his neck. His embrace was tight, secure, his hips lifting in little, lazy rocks as he emptied himself inside his dear boy. Will was shaking, still panting, his scent soaked with satisfaction, coated with Hannibal’s own scent, and it was so satisfying to smell himself on Will like this. He could get Will bare for him, really and truly bare, and give himself over in return.

It was something Will had yet been able to coax him into. All their trysts so far had been too public to risk being entirely unclothed. He was sure it would drive Will wild, to feel more of Hannibal’s skin, as touchstarved as he was.

He cupped Will’s jaw and kissed him fully, licking into his gasping mouth, and Will went lax against him, breathing out a quiet sigh. “Dad told me he’d be gone by six,” he said.

Hannibal nodded. “Six, then,” he replied, assured and promising, and Will’s lips spread in a wide, happy smile.

There was a great risk in intimacy, to one’s mental as well as physical self. Hannibal wasn’t averse to it, but he was wary. More often than not, people were not worthy of intimacy and he didn’t expend the effort to reach it with them. When it came to Will, it was a very different story.

With Will there was affection, something that Hannibal would admit had come after the first time the boy had thrown himself in his arms with an almost angry kiss in his office. It had come slowly, as Will had confided in him about more than just the desire to get back at his dad. It came like the warmth of the summer sun, bit by bit, until it was almost too hot for comfort.

With affection, came consequences. Consequences like attachment. Consequences like wanting to be near a person when circumstances forbade it. Consequences like jail, for Hannibal, should their affair come to light. Will was, after all, fourteen. He was a boy far too young to know his own mind, and Hannibal, a man who should have known better.

He should have.

He did.

He chose, just this once, to ignore it.

At six, having taken a cab once more and had it circle the block to catch Bill Graham climbing into his vehicle to back it out of the drive, Hannibal was at Will's front door, knuckles brushing the wood before he knocked.

As expected, Will immediately yanked it open, cheeks already flushed with excitement, eyes bright and wide as he looked Hannibal over - right there, at his door, to come and see *him*. Hannibal gave him an amused look and raised an eyebrow and Will quickly stepped aside to let him in, closing and locking the door behind him.

"You know, I was -." The words cut off with a sweet little yelp as Hannibal bent to gather Will to him, hands beneath his thighs until Will wrapped his legs around him. He kissed his boy deep, stepping near enough to a wall to push Will up against it as he did. He drowned in everything Will was, the danger and promise of him, sighing when little fingers drew through his hair and clung to him as Will kissed back.

Kissing Will felt as welcome as coming home, and by now, his scent, his heat, the sounds he made whenever Hannibal touched him were so ingrained in his psyche at this point that they felt just as soothing as a familiar memory, a piece of his own childhood he longed to reclaim. Kissing Will, touching him, as ridiculous a semantic notion as it was, made Hannibal feel invincible, untouchable. Made him feel alive with the dramatic belief that youths had; the world was their oyster and anything was possible.

Will parted from the kiss with a gasp, his eyes wide, darkening quickly, a lovely flush coloring his cheeks. He smiled, wide and happy, and carded his fingers through Hannibal's hair. "Hi," he breathed.

Hannibal rested their foreheads together, unable to resist kissing Will again. "Hello, Will."

Will laughed, brightly, and clung to him tighter. "A good host would offer their guest a drink," he said, playful and teasing, "but I think you're thirsty for something else."

Hannibal huffed, shaking his head at Will's tone. But he couldn't deny it. He gripped Will's thighs, strangely reluctant to let him go, and pressed Will hard to the wall, finding the familiar space between Will's warm thighs, able to feel the boy already hard and wanting against his belly.

"I hope you didn't take it upon yourself to prepare," he said lowly. "I want to take my time with you."

Will's eyes flashed, and he smiled again. "No, Sir," he replied, as low as his young voice could sound. "Dry and tight as a virgin, yours for the enjoyment."

"What a gentleman," Hannibal said, and Will laughed. They kissed, Hannibal content to do as he just said; tease, and wait, until Will lost his cool and confident edge and became that wild, uninhibited creature of desire and need that Hannibal alone had the privilege of witnessing him be. He wondered, absently, if he could get Will to finish just like this, suspended and frozen, just Hannibal's kiss and the paltry friction to his cock and his lovely, active imagination.

He knew he could, so he wouldn't. Not now. Not now when he could carry his boy upstairs instead, and lay him out on his bed, and strip him bare. Not now when he could watch those beautiful eyes devour him as he bared himself.

He pulled back to suggest they move, to just *look* at the boy in his arms, when the doorhandle turned and Will became a dead weight in his arms immediately.

"Shit," he breathed. "Sweet Jesus, *shit,* he said he was going away!"

"Just breathe, Will."

"No you don't get it, I can't -. There's nowhere to *go.* We don't have a back door!" Will's voice was quiet but the whine of distress tugged at something far deeper in Hannibal than he cared to address just then. He set the boy down, prepared to soothe him further when the door opened.

"Hannibal motherfucking Lecter."

"Dad, don't -."

"You." Bill's voice took on that particular drawling snarl when he was worked up, Hannibal had noticed Will's voice emulated it when he was angry. "You best be quiet like the grave, boy, before I put you in one."

"I seduced him, he didn't do anything!" Will tried again, louder. Hannibal wanted to reach for him, to soothe his panic and stroke his hair from his face. Sweet boy, thinking that would help, thinking that would excuse the true monstrosity of the situation. He was still so truly, utterly young, after all.

Hannibal held his hands away instead, up and palms out in surrender, eyes cast sidelong at the Sheriff where he stood, imposing, filling the doorway. It would be simple, really, one step

to get near, perhaps a struggle if the man reached for his gun in time, perhaps not if Hannibal's advance caught him off guard. One hand to his chin, the other to the crown of his head. A twist.

Simple.

Easy.

And not for a child to see.

He would not kill Will's father, not right in front of him, at least. Not tonight. Bill's eyes narrowed on him, his lips twisted in a smug, wide smirk, and he stalked forward like a predator with its prey in sight. Hannibal remained motionless, heavy with resignation, mentally cataloging his options:

He had a good lawyer, but he'd been caught red-handed. Bill couldn't prove anything beyond a secret meeting. There were no texts, no letters, nothing of Will in his home, nothing of Will in his office that he hadn't thoroughly cleaned.

But, his car. A good lawyer could insist Will snuck in and laid his mark when Hannibal was not there. Will would probably even testify to the same, if it was asked of him. But if the Sheriff caught sight of a similar stain in his cruiser, if he thought to test for *both* of them….

He sighed, and closed his eyes as Bill came up to him, yanking his hands behind his back with more force than Hannibal thought strictly necessary, but then again, he wasn't a parent. He could almost commend Bill for his restraint.

"Dad, please," Will said, his eyes wide, bright with tears. He shook his head fiercely and reached for his father. "He didn't do anything. We haven't *done* anything -."

Bill shoved Will hard enough his shoulders hit the wall. Hannibal's lips twitched in a snarl, but the cuffs were tight around his wrists now. His range of motion was compromised.

"Hannibal Lecter, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law." Bill hauled him out by his cuffs, so he was treated with the sight of Will, panting and crying and red-faced as Hannibal was led away. No witnesses, no neighbors, for which he was glad. He didn't need Will to face that.

"You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, one will be appointed to you," Bill finished, opening the back of his cruiser and shoving Hannibal bodily inside. It still stank of Will, of himself. There was still a stain on the back of the seat. He only resisted rubbing it with his knee because they would likely test his clothes.

Bill loomed at him from the open window. "Do you understand your rights?"

"Yes," Hannibal replied. Bill nodded, eyes black with outrage, and smug satisfaction, to have finally caught him.

He turned, and circled the cruiser to his seat, and Will rushed out of the front door, throwing himself at Hannibal's lowered window.

“Will,” Bill snarled. “Get back in the fucking house.”

“I’ll fix this,” Will whispered to Hannibal frantically. “I know where Dad keeps his keys, when the shift changes. I’ll get you out of here, I promise.”

Hannibal sighed, and merely nodded. So young, so innocent to the way of the world. Will was many things, but a white knight, a savior, was not one of them. He had no power here.

Bill lunged from the car and took Will by the scruff of his neck, like he might a rambunctious puppy, and shoved him towards the door. “Stay inside. You’re grounded until judgement day, boy, and if I even feel a *hint* of somethin’ outta place I’ll belt your ass raw.”

Will glared at him, and Hannibal’s mouth twisted in another angry scowl he tried to school. Bill turned, and met his eyes, his mouth spread wide into another toothy, pleased smirk.

“Anything you wanna say before I put your ass in a cell?” he taunted.

Oh, there were many things Hannibal wanted to say, but none of them were for Bill, and none of them were fit to be held and used against him. So he turned his face forward, breathed out heavily, and said nothing.

“That’s what I thought,” Bill snapped, and went to the driver side again. Will didn’t rush him, which Hannibal was thankful for. He didn’t know if he would be able to sit quietly if Bill laid a hand on Will again.

He tried not to look at Will as the car started. He tried. But he could see every incremental shiver that trembled through him, frustration and anger and anguish all. There was fear, too, beneath it, and Hannibal hated that as much as it was fear for him, it was also fear Will had for himself. For the beating he’d get when his father finally came home, for the way he’d been monitored like a criminal now that his father couldn’t put his trust in his boy.

These were all things Hannibal could not control just then. All things that would have to wait for when he was released, or when he got out through less legal means.

He could wait. He was patient. And Will, bright, beautiful, passionate Will, was certainly worth waiting for.

End Notes

More will come.
Guaranteed.

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